

A Goat In a Bag

A Story of an Italian Bandit

By G. TOMASO

On an eminence amid the mountains back of Sorrento, Italy, stood a well dressed young man evidently waiting for something or some one. Before him was spread out the beautiful bay of Naples, to the north the islands of Ischia, and Capri resting on what seemed at the time a sea of molten silver, for the Mediterranean takes on a different hue in every part of the day. Directly beneath him lay the town of Sorrento, set on a ledge of rock 300 feet above the bay, the waves beneath rocking the anchored fishing boats, then pushing on to break in a white line of foam at the foot of the cliff.

"I beg pardon," said a voice behind the gentleman. "Is this Signor di Guida?"

The gentleman turned and saw a man who seemed to belong to the lower but not the lowest class.

"I am Signor di Guida," he replied, somewhat surprised.

"There is a man over there," pointing, "who carries a letter for you."

"Indeed? I expected him to come up by this road. I will go to him."

Di Guida dropped a coin into the man's hand and went off in the direction he had indicated. It was not on the road, but behind some high rocks. As soon as he had passed around the rocks he saw a man who advanced to meet him—a tall, well built fellow, but with a sinister expression on his face.

"Are you looking for me, sir?" asked Di Guida.

"Are you Signor Vincenzo di Guida?"

"I am."

"And expecting a note from Signorina Bianca Fabri?"

"I am."

The man held out a note, which Di Guida received with some surprise, for it was written on paper such as is

Grand Jury Sustains Prosecutor



DISTRICT ATTORNEY E. B. TONGUE

The grand jury which investigated the Hill murder case have filed a report showing why no action was taken in that case. The report reads:

We have indicted in all cases where, in our estimation, the evidence introduced before us was such as in our judgment would, if unexplained and uncontradicted, warrant a conviction by the trial jury. That we have left no person undicted where in our judgment we would have been warranted in returning an indictment.

Our conclusions and actions have in all instances been governed entirely by the evidence introduced before us.

This shows why no arrests were made in this case. The grand jury have themselves spoken and gone on record, telling you the exact reason.

They further say in their report:

"On account of the many, various and conflicting reports in the newspapers concerning the investigation of the murder of the Hill family, we take this opportunity to commend district attorney Tongue and Deputy Stipp, for their honest, careful, cautious and unbiased method pursued in conduct-

ing a thorough investigation of the testimony of all witnesses, not only in the Hill case but in all other matters coming before us during our deliberative session."

This report now on record, filed in the county clerk's office signed by every member of the grand jury including 3 Democrats, the only people who should know the evidence was.

Should be and is a complete answer to all the campaign falsehoods circulated against me in this matter. The grand jury by their action saved you perhaps \$10,000. Do you condemn or approve of this?

Who should know me better than Judge J. U. Campbell and Judge J. A. Eakin our circuit Judges. READ what they say in the official pamphlet about my work, do not be misled by campaign lies.

Out of 700 circuit and supreme court cases only 18 have been lost. The county has not paid out a single dollar for legal assistance. Thousands of dollars have been saved by the manner in which criminal business has been handled. The county has not

lost a single dollar by wrong legal advice.

That is our record. If you approve it vote to continue it.

I dislike to say anything about my opponent's record but since he accused me of unfairness in last week's Courier, I feel compelled to answer it or people might say I admitted it by being silent, so invoke this statement:

He has not won a criminal case in the circuit court during the two and one-half years residence in Oregon. He has not won a criminal case in justice court without the help of Mr. Fulton, and then only one. On March 24, 1912 a case was tried at Astoria when the city sued the A. & C. R. R. C. the city paid Mr. Fulton \$600 to try this case. Every case that HAS BEEN TRIED BY HIM, the records show he has been assisted in every case by from one to four lawyers. I do not care when the matters arose I am speaking of the cases TRIED BY HIM.

(Paid Advertisement)



THE GIRL PALED, BUT SAID NOTHING.

Signorina Fabri was not in the habit of using and addressed in a masculine hand. He opened it and read:

Signor Vincenzo di Guida—Will you please send by the messenger who hands you this a note to your father asking him to send 100,000 lire for your ransom? I have the honor to be your obedient servant.

ANDREA ZANELLA.

Di Guida saw at once that he had been tricked. He had been drawn away from the road on which vehicles and pedestrians were constantly passing to a retired spot where he could

be easily captured without any attention from his neighbors. ZANELLA raised a silver whistle to his lips and blew upon it, whereupon several men started from different hiding places and approached the speakers. Di Guida was taken to their camp and given writing materials, but before the letter was written the amount demanded for his ransom was reduced to half the amount previously demanded. But even this the young man advised his father not to pay and, in fact, requested that he should pay none whatever.

Di Guida remained with the bandits quite awhile. Their chief threatened several times to cut off a few of his prisoner's fingers and send them with his next demand, but Di Guida laughed at him.

"Every one between here and Naples and all Neapolitans know that you, Andrea ZANELLA, are here in these mountains overlooking Sorrento, and you will be captured at last. Your friends of the Camorra will not be able to save you. You are a fool to set up for a regular bandit, for you can never rise beyond the Neapolitan sneak thief you are. If you harm me my father will understand parts of letters of mine you have carried to him—after inspecting them and not understanding them yourself—that on evidence of harm to me he is to put my best friend, Sergeant Giuseppe Miele of the carabinieri, upon your track and mine and never leave the job till he has taken you."

ZANELLA pookpooked this, but it was evident he was impressed by the information. He took no especial measures to enforce his demands, and when he went away from the camp left instructions that the prisoner was to be loosely guarded that he might escape.

One evening, when ZANELLA was away, he availed himself of an opportunity given him by his guards and walked away into the darkness. He walked for perhaps an hour, when he came to a small villa. It had commenced to rain and he applied for admission. His summons was answered by a young girl, who told him that her father and brother were absent, but meanwhile he might come in out of the rain.

Di Guida entered the villa, telling the girl that he would remain in the hall, which is used for a living room in such buildings in Italy. A light stood on a table, and there were books at hand, so after she had withdrawn he sat down to read. It was not long before there was another knock at the door, and the girl came out of a rear room to answer the summons. Di Guida sat where he could not see who had arrived, but supposed it was those expected. He was mistaken. They were several men whom no young lady would dare admit, and she refused to do so. Finally they prevailed upon her to permit them to leave a sack containing a goat that had been killed that day and which they would return for. To this the girl consented. They unloaded

their burden, and the girl went back to where she had come from.

Now, in doing this the men had placed the sack near the door of the room in which Di Guida was sitting. He took no interest in it, but went on reading. When he looked up he noticed that the bag had moved. Could the goat he had heard it contained be after all alive? Was it a goat or was it a man? And for what purpose could these men leave a man in a bag? A grave suspicion came over Di Guida, and he looked about him for a weapon.

Not seeing any, he called to the girl, asking her if she could let him have a little wine. She went to get it, and when she arrived Di Guida had written on a piece of paper in pencil: "The bag contains a man. Can you bring me a weapon?"

The girl paled, but said nothing. In a few minutes she returned with a few figs on a plate and set it down before the guest. Out of her kerchief protruded the handle of a revolver. Di Guida seized it and laid it on the table beside him. The girl withdrew, and he examined the weapon. Every chamber was loaded. Satisfied of this, he took a sip of wine, ate a fig, then threw himself back in his chair and while pretending to read kept his eye fixed on the bag. It was not long before he detected a slight motion. He watched and saw the bag hitch itself toward an easy chair. Every now and again it would give a hitch and always toward the rear of the furniture.

"My pig in a poke," said Di Guida aloud, "you are covered by a cocked six shooter. I presume you can't see me, but I can see you plainly. I am going to give myself a guess as to who you are. The man in these mountains most likely to do a trick like that is Andrea ZANELLA, with the sinister intention of robbing this house. Fortunately not long ago I walked away from your camp, with your kind permission, the only sensible thing probably you ever did, and am here to defend a young lady who is alone. You will kindly edge yourself along in the direction I indicate. Proceed."

After a few moments the bag recommenced its hitching motion and, guided by Di Guida, passed to a position a short distance away from the door. Di Guida presently called his hostess and told her to meet her father and brothers outside, when they came, and advise them of what had occurred.

Not long after they arrived, and, having been warned, they entered the house and secured arms. Then they came into the hall and saluted the guest.

"Now, my friend of the bag," said Di Guida, "you have doubtless come here prepared to cut yourself out. Do so."

Presently a slit was made in the bag. A man threw it off and stood up. Di Guida was right—he was ZANELLA.

"Ha, my chief!" said Di Guida. "You will not be troubled with any more

notes for me. Now carry out your original intention—go to the door and blow on your whistle."

There was nothing for it but to obey the order. ZANELLA blew, and as each one of three men approached they were met by one standing in shadow and disarmed.

ZANELLA was turned over to the Italian government and executed. Di Guida gained great credit from his exploit and afterward Signorina Bianca Fabri as well.

12,000 FANS SEE PORTLAND BEATEN

PORTLAND, April, (Special).—Before 12,000 enthusiastic fans Portland lost an exciting game today to San Francisco, the score being 2 to 1. It was a pitcher's battle between Henderson and Henley, the latter having a shade the better of the contest. Portland made 4 hits and the visitors 6. San Francisco got 2 in the Seventh, Portland garnering 1 in the ninth.

Following were the results Tuesday: Los Angeles 1, Oakland 0. Sacramento 1, Yonon 4. National League New York 5, Boston 2. St. Louis 20, Chicago 9. Philadelphia 4, Brooklyn 2. American League Detroit 10, Chicago 1. Washington 10, New York 3. Boston 9, Philadelphia 2. Cleveland 9, St. Louis 8.

VIRGINIAN TOO LATE TO RESCUE VICTIMS

MONTREAL, April 16.—The weather signal station on the Gulf of St. Lawrence reported today that heavy fogs lay off Nova Scotia and that neighborhood last night and is traveling eastward.

It was said that such conditions left little hope for the rescue of any survivors of the Titanic that might still be adrift in rafts or boats.

The Allan Line has issued the following statement:

"We are in receipt of a Marconi message via Cape Race, from Captain Gambell, of the Virginian, saying he arrived on the scene of the disaster too late to be of service, and is proceeding on his voyage to Liverpool."

A wireless message received here says that Charles M. Hays, president of the Grand Trunk Railway, is among the survivors aboard the Carpathia. His wife and daughter already had been reported saved.

REAL ESTATE TRANSFERS
Lynan and Alice Andrews to Walter S. Thomas, 1 acre of Stephen H. Walker D. L. C. township 1 south, range 1 east \$10.
J. Coleman and Kate Mark to F. M. Barth, 26 acre of William Offield D. L. C. No. 42 township 4 south, range 1 east; \$1.
T. L. and Merriam Dibble to W. P. Dibble, land in section 8, 16, 17, township 5 south, range 2 east; \$1.
J. M. and Sarah R. Beckett to Sylvester J. Brown, 5 acres of section 32, township 4 south, range 4 east; \$600.
William W. Davis and Martha Davis et al to William W. and Jessie Davis 80 acres of section 2, township 4 south range 4 east; \$1.
Fauld L. and Charles Hamilton to Pauline A. Hedke, lot 7, of block 149, Oregon City; \$10.
A. D. and Clara Knutson to Frances L. and Benjamin Town, land in First Additio to Barlow; \$1.
R. C. and Harriet M. Chism to A. Baker, land in section 9, township 4 south, range 3 east; \$100.

When Moody Was Reproved.
The late D. L. Moody, the revivalist, told this story on himself:

"When I first held meetings in Glasgow my committee, without my knowledge, sent to a livery establishment that kept a thousand horses to engage a cab to drive me to my meetings on Sunday. The proprietor was a godly man and sent me this message: 'Tell Mr. Moody he will do as much good by walking to his meetings as by driving three or four miles through the fourth commandment.'"

Cookery and Government.
Rossini, the Italian composer, said a droll thing on the unification of Italy when some one asked his opinion on this matter. He replied that he thought it very difficult if not impossible to effect the unity for the simple reason that the Neapolitans eat nothing but macaroni, the Florentines nothing but fagioli and the Lombards only polenta, while the Piedmontese swallow all they can get. "It is clear," he said, "that uniformity of cookery must precede unity of government."

Paw Knows Everything.
George—Paw, what is a springbok?
Paw—A springbok is a dark beer, my son.—Cincinnati Enquirer

VOTE FOR
J. A. LIZBERG
INDEPENDENT CANDIDATE
FOR RECORDER OF CONVEYANCES

Write the name of
J. A. LIZBERG
on the ballot with the
X before the name.

I know how the Recorder's work should be done and I will be in the office in business hours and treat all with consideration and respect.

Very truly yours,
J. A. Lizberg
(Paid Adv.)

ASK FOR THE RED TRADING STAMPS

The Adams Suit Sale

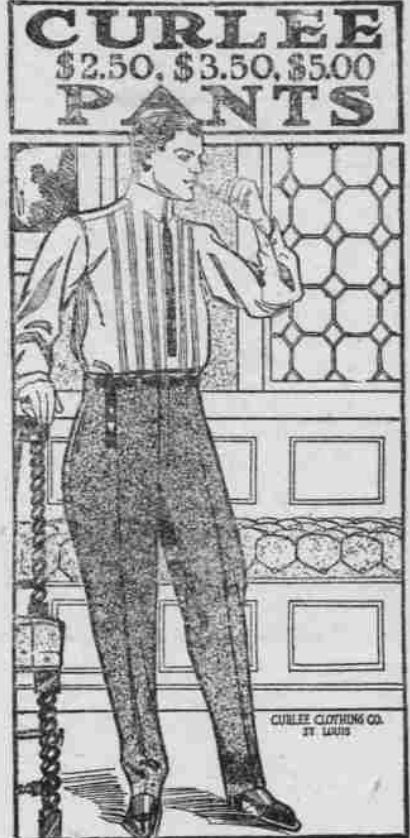
of Men's Suits is Right
The Quality is Right
The Style is Right
The Price is Right

Our exclusive Men's Suit Department—a complete store in itself—is a very busy place selling Men's Suits now at our Demonstration Suit Sale.

See our Special Leaders in
Hart-Schaffner & Marx Suits
at **\$22.50**

We also have others at \$25 to \$30

The
Curlee Pants



FOR MEN
The Best for the price
\$2.50
\$3.50
\$5.00
at
Adams Only

Men's Suits at \$12.90

Our Demonstration Sale of Men's Suits from a large collection worth \$15, and more, affords a considerable saving to buyers of Suits, now at this sale at

\$12.90

L. ADAMS

Oregon City's Big Department Store

RED MEN ENTERTAIN NOTED PEDESTRIAN

Harvey Thoren, a noted long distance walker, who is on his way from San Francisco to New York, was entertained by the Order of Redmen and presented a Redmen pin Tuesday evening. Thoren left Ukiah, Cal., March 5, and will leave this morning for Portland where he will call upon Mayor Ruslight and present him a letter from the Mayor of San Francisco. The pedestrian expects to average more than twenty five miles a day. Upon arriving in New York he will deliver a letter to Mayor Gaynor from the Mayor of San Francisco, and after a rest of two or three days will start on the return trip.

12 QUALIFY FOR BILLIARD FINALS

The following have qualified for the finals in the Commercial Club billiard tournament:
Class A.—W. B. Stokes and G. L. Jenkins.
Class B.—R. O. Young, William Wilson, H. A. Montgomery and J. E. Hedges.
Class C.—William Stone, Pete Long, and T. P. Randall.
Class D.—E. P. Carter and Charles Parker.
The results Tuesday night were as follows:
Joe Justin 52, H. A. Montgomery, 42; W. B. Howell 46, H. A. Montgomery 43; R. O. Young 90, John Fairclough 49, J. E. Hedges 90, V. R. Hyde 77.

Baseball AT PORTLAND

RECREATION PARK
Cor. Vaughn and Twenty-fourth Sts.
SAN FRANCISCO
VS.
PORTLAND
April 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21.
Games Begin Weekdays at 3:30 p. m.
Sunday at 2:30 p. m.
LADIES DAY FRIDAY
Boys under 12 Free to Bleachers Wednesday.

Dust Proof Germ Proof

At Your Grocers

The Loaf That Always Pleases

If you drink because of a craving for stimulants—if you've reached the stage where nothing will satisfy excepting rough, high-proof, strong whiskey—our story is not for you.

But if it's mellowness, age and flavor you're looking for—you'll like Cyrus Noble.

Because it's pure—because it's palatable—because you don't have to dilute it with water to be able to swallow it.

It costs no more than any other good whiskey.

W. J. VANCHUYVER & CO. GENERAL AGENTS, PORTLAND, OREGON.